

When you are there, beware of the insidious pressure that the general will bring to bear on the specific, the abstract on the concrete. For when you are there you will realize that all thinking is abstract as surely as all fucking is specific. But then, you will say, how come fucking is also so abstract. This is a puzzle that will preoccupy, even obsess, you -- because you will be thinking instead of fucking.

My advice is, don't ever arrange to meet your lover there. By the same logic, don't bring anything you can't carry yourself & don't bring anything you can't easily throw away.

OK, so you've arrived, you're there. The flowers are beautiful, aren't they? Just like before. And that pond you played by as a child, isn't it there too? Can you see it? And the paper boats you sailed in that pond? Can you see them? Can you see them? Or have they been swept by the eddies across to the other side? Are they now out of reach? Are they even out of sight?

-- David James

Los Angeles CA

THE IDEA OF ORDER AT BISCAIYNE BAY

they bussed us down
to bayfront park
on 1st st in miami
to serenade the
graduates of barry
college who then auto-
matically became nuns.

as any florida kid
knew looking at the
winding paths and
camouflaged bathrooms
it was a big fag park.
they lined us up
in front of some platforms
in our uniforms
and we sang as
our nuns policed
the lines and beamed
at the new nuns
who beamed back
while perverts
and palmetto bugs

and lost cubanos
lurked in the bushes.

we did not sing
beyond the genius
of the afternoon
and anyhow were
there mainly to be
impressed by the
whole routine
and by the bishop
in his expensive
mediaeval costume.

this, years
before anita bryant's
rage for order
and no one thought
to question
the ghostly demarcations
of a simple ritual
public welcome.